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AN ODE TO LORD B***, ON THE PEACE.

[Price One Shilling.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

AN ODE TO LORD B***, ON THE PEACE.

When Kings the Sword of Juſtice firſt lay down,
They are no Kings, tho' they poſſeſs the Crown;
Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty Things,
The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings.

DEFOE.

By the AUTHOR of the *Miniſter of State*, a Satire.

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MDCC LXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

ODE.

TO

LORD B***,

ON THE

PEACE.

I.

HAIL England, darling isle of heaven!
To you is ev'ry blessing given;
All eminent you shine;
For war, for useful arts renown'd,
With just applause the world has own'd,
Has own'd each blessing Thine.

II.

Tho' ſever'd from the world beſide,
Thy ſtate provokes the Gallic pride,
To cruſh thy liberty;
Tho' oft repuls'd, like Titan's race,
Unheedful of their paſt diſgrace,
They point their darts at Thee.

III.

Again ſucceſs has deign'd to ſmile,
Again has conqueſt crown'd your toil,
Upon the land and main;
Then be like Jove, exert your power,
Now ſtrike them in the lucky hour;
They ne'er ſhall riſe again.

IV.

This, this is every patriot's voice,
This would make every heart rejoice,
Who love their native land;
But oh confuſion ——Hark! the crowd,
Of Scottiſh ſlaves for *Peace* aloud,
Implore with cap in hand.

V.

V.

Ye venal miniſterial elves,
Who'd rob your country, for your ſelves,
Or let our foes inſlave us ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the Deed is done,
The glorious work is all your own,
And heaven alone can ſave us.

VI.

'Tis done——and hark! throughout the nation,
How rumour bawls the proclamation,
That PEACE again is coming ;
Adieu Bellona's glorious lay,
Adieu to conqueſt's loud huzza,
To fighting, piping, drumming.

VII.

No more of war——a different ſcene,
More ſoft, more lulling and ſerene,
Invites the muſe to ſoar:
Now PEACE muſt ſpread her ample wing;
Of that the muſe intends to ſing,
And Caledonian pow'r.

VIII.

VIII.

To you ſhe ſings—to you my Lord—
No venal *Briton*, on my word,
But *Engliſh*, bold and daring,
Unplac'd, unbenefic'd her lays,
She ſcorns to ſing a *Traitor's* praiſe,
To *England's* cauſe adhering.

IX.

If here and there in my deſign,
Your Lordſhip finds an erring line,
Be candid not ſevere;
For oft the Pegaſean ſteed,
Without a curb, will ſtretch his ſpeed,
And run the lord knows where.

X.

But now the proſpect opes to view,
The *tranquil* proſpect drawn by you,
In whom our PEACE is center'd.
What mean thoſe bags of Gallic ore?
Are thoſe the price of Engliſh gore,
Which Engliſh heroes ventur'd?

XI.

XI.

Is there no Recompence for thoſe,
Who bravely ventur'd 'gainſt their foes,
Where wounds and death beſet 'em;
Methinks I hear you ſay, my Lord,
" Why is not *Glory* their reward?
" And if they chuſe it, let 'em.

XII.

" *War's* not my ſphere—but while they roam
" To gain new worlds!—my ſchemes at home
" Are to *my country* uſeful;
" See *Scotchmen* fill each poſt and place,
" While *Engliſh* grumble in diſgrace,
" And treat me moſt abuſeful.

XIII.

" But let the maſtiffs bark and grin,
" The proverb's good—*Thoſe laugh who win,*
" I neither feel nor mind 'em;
" For while I have the R—l ear,
" My cauſe is good:—I need not fear,
" If force or law can bind 'em."

XIV.

I own you're truly great, my Lord,
Your courage ſtout upon my word,
I think none dare to doubt it;
But merit ſometimes will be ſlur'd,
Yet patience is its own reward;
Your Lordſhip's not without it.

XV.

Perhaps the world may blame the deed,
I care not, ſtill I will proceed,
In ſpight of oppoſition;
Your *Virtues*, hid in envious night,
I fain wou'd bring to open light,
And ſhew their true condition.

XVI.

How oft the glorious orb of day,
Invelop'd in a cloud its ray,
Is hinder'd of its power;
The cloud diſpers'd, it ſhines confeſs'd,
And makes each living creature bleſt,
Who wonder and adore.

XVII.

XVII.

Thus dim-ey'd prejudice may cloud,
Your merit from the frantic crowd,
Who rail and ſtrangely rate you ;
But when they know your tranquil mind,
The plans which you for PEACE deſign'd,
They ſurely will not hate you.

XVIII.

When ſawcy *Pitt* propos'd, in vain,
To curb the pride of haughty Spain,
Who impudently brav'd us ;
For *Reaſons* which your *Lordſhip* knew,
You firſt oppos'd the plan in view,
And very near had ſav'd us.

XIX.

But diſcord fiend of helliſh parts,
Had ſo inflam'd the Spaniards hearts,
That war was all the cry ;
Then England took the field again,
To curb the inſolence of Spain,
And let her thunder fly.

XX.

XX.

Succeſs ſtill friend to England's arms,
Came down amid the dire alarms,
And brought the victor's laurel;
The haughty Doris began to fear,
And ſome aſſert that they ſincere,
Repented of the quarrel.

XXI.

Of all the virtues in your breaſt,
Humanity ſtands forth confeſt,
The *Scotch*, the *French* have known it;
For this diſtinguiſh'd moſt you ſhine,
You own its genuine warmth divine,
And all the world muſt own it.

XXII.

'Twas this that prompted firſt your mind,
To ſave, to ſuccour, human kind,
To ſtop the ſword of ſlaughter;
If not the world wou'd call you f—l,
And think you either k— or t—l,
And treat your name with laughter.

XXIII.

Some ſay 'twas folly—Thoſe are few,
More ſay you'd intereſt in view,
But this or that you beſt know;
For my part I muſt needs declare,
I think that folly had no ſhare,
And here I'll let it reſt ſo.

XXIV.

The mob ſtill goes with wind and tide,
They ne'er examine either ſide,
Which is not quite ſo well, Sir;
For now it happens that your ſcheme,
Goes both againſt the wind and ſtream,
And that's the devil in hell, Sir.

XXV.

'Twou'd wrong you, not to give you praiſe,
Each bard to you his verſe ſhall raiſe,
Fame hold your trumpet higher;
Who dare deny that you are great,
A very Machiavel of ſtate;
A plague confound the liar.

XXVI.

No more of Utrecht treaty tell,
Nor that ſo fam'd of Aix Chappelle,
They now muſt fall behind, Sir;
'Tis plain to every eye and ear,
That neither can with this compare,
Unleſs we're deaf and blind, Sir.

XXVII.

But why our *Conqueſts* be reſtor'd?
Mere charity:——upon my word,
Your virtues are exceeding;
Let *France* no more politeneſs boaſt,
Their manners!—Pſhaw! you rule the roaſt!
Rare Calledonian breeding!

XXVIII.

And now, my Lord, I'll take my leave,
This humble tribute you'll receive,
Nor think I mean to flatter;
But hang excuſes——'tis the beſt
That I could pay—and for the reſt
Yourſelf may judge the matter.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Ye friends to England, and her cauſe,
Her glorious liberty and laws,
Let diſcord now give way;
Behold the tuneful band combine,
The *Fiddle*, *Flute* and *Bagpipe* join,
To hail the coming day.

XXX.

And here (and then I'll quite conclude)
The Muſe with propheſy endu'd,
One thing muſt needs declare;
As time around his courſe ſhall roll,
The B—nn—t high upon a p—le,
Shall ſhine !——on T—mp—e B—r.

FINIS.

XIII.

To friend to England, and her cause,
For glorious liberty and laws,
Let discord now give way;
Rebell'ion, fierce and Popish foes,
The Muse, with prophefy endues,
To hail the coming day.

XIV.

And here (and then the Muse concludes)
One thing muft needs declare;
As time around his course shall roll,
The Brunswick high upon a pole,
Shall shine! ——— mp——e D——s.

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